Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke: O, ſhe is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt and ſtaine the ſtone, ſhe then liues.

Kent. Is this the promiſt end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and ceaſe.

Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues, if it be ſo, it is a chance that do's redeeme all ſorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good maſter.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* ſtay a litle. What iſt thou ſayſt? her voice was euer ſoft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha ſeene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, wher is your ſeruãt *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man elſe: All's cheereleſſe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters haue fore-doom'd themſelues,
And

And deſperately are dead. *Lear.* So I thinke too.

Alb. He knowes not what he ſees, and vaine it is
That we preſent vs to him.

Edgar Very bootleſſe. *Enter Captaine*

Cap: Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb: Thats but a trifle heere: you Lords and Noble friends, know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, ſhalbe applied: for vs we will reſigne during the life of this old maieſty to him our abſolute power, you to your rights with boote, and ſuch addition as your honors haue more then merited, al friends ſhall taſte the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their deſeruings: O ſee, ſee.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life, why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer: pray vndo this button, thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Lear: Breake heart, I prethe breake.

Edg: Looke vp my Lord.

Kent: Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe,
he hates him much, that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world ſtretch him out longer.

Edg: O he is gone indeed.

Kent: The wonder is, he hath endured ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.

Duke: Beare them from hence, our preſent buſineſſe
Is to generall woe: friends of my ſoule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good ſtate ſuſtaine.

Kent: I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly to go,
My maſter cals, and I muſt not ſay no.

Duke The waight of this ſad time we muſt obay,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

FINIS.